



MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

ROCKY LANE

NO. 58

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

WESTERN

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢



GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



SKINNY

Men are often ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim!

Girls are not alluring and don't have eye-catching curves!

Children who won't eat and are under-weight, often called skinny!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. Guaranteed to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're under-weight... or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise... dangerous drugs... or special diet... and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible... with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no

dangerous drugs... you eat it like candy! Yet... if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets... a full 30 days' supply... for just \$1.00 or a 10 day supply for only \$2.00, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS... and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose... and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't! Don't be a wallflower, because you have a figure like a bumblebee! Gain more weight!

10-DAY
SUPPLY \$1.

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are unconditionally guaranteed to put on weight... and it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet... that combines not just one... or two... but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight, known as medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid... not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12... the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals... It contains iron that helps correct deficiency, prevents and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1... and it contains nutrients easily assimilated melt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of bone wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your body to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny... or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want... or don't pay anything. Act now!

We don't want
SKINNY
on our team!



Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite... they eat it like candy!

SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 248

318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.00. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

ROCKY LANE PUBLISHER

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ROCKY LANE WESTERN



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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

Rocky Lane

in
**GANG
WAR!**

LOOK AT THIS, ROCKY! HYAR'S A LETTER FROM WILFRED PAYNE... BANKER OVER IN JAMISON CITY. HE WRITES THAT ED HILLIARD, WHO RUNS A GENERAL STORE THAR, HAS MORE THAN \$60,000 IN HIS ACCOUNT! PAYNE CLAIMS IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE PER HILLIARD TO MAKE THAT MUCH MONEY... AND HE SUSPECTS HILLIARD MAY BE TIED UP WITH A GANG THAT'S BEEN PLUNDERING THAT TERRITORY LATELY!

I'VE READ ABOUT THAT OUTRIT, CHIEF! THEY'VE WORKED SO SUCCESSFULLY THAT NO ONE EVEN KNOWS WHO'S IN THE BAND!



NOT YET, ANYWAY! BUT IF PAYNE'S RIGHT, THIS CAN BE A LEAD AT LAST! HILLIARD MIGHT EVEN BE THE LEADER! I'D LIKE YUH TO GO TO JAMISON CITY AND CHECK!

OKAY, CHIEF! I'LL GET START-ED PRONTO! BY THE TIME I GET THERE, I SHOULD HAVE A GOOD APPROACH WORKED OUT.

THE SECRET MARSHAL RIDES TO JAMISON CITY AND, AFTER GETTING A ROOM, HEADS FOR ED HILLIARD'S GENERAL STORE ...

HOWDY, PARTNER! JUST BREEZED INTO TOWN AND LOOKING FOR WORK! KNOW OF ANY EASY JOB I CAN LATCH INTO?

WHAT CAN YUH DO, STRANGER?

MOST ANYTHING! BUT I'M HANDY WITH A GUN... AND NOT TOO PARTICULAR WHAT I HAVE TO DO! JUST TAKE A Gander AT THIS!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

A BULLET HOLE RIGHT
THROUGH THE MIDDLE...
SEE? I THINK YOU CAN
PLACE ME, MR. HILLIARD?

SORRY... I DON'T KNOW
OF ANYTHING, 'SPECIALLY
EASY JOBS! FOLKS
AROUND HYAR WORK
HARD FOR THEIR
MONEY!

IN CASE YOU DO HEAR OF ANYTHING THAT SUITS
MY TALENTS, I'D APPRECIATE YOUR LETTING ME
KNOW! I'M STAYING IN A ROOM ABOVE THE
GAMBLING CASINO.



SURE DREW A BLANK! IF HILLIARD AS TIED
UP WITH THAT GANG, HE DIDN'T LET THE CAT
OUT OF THE BAG BY OFFERING ME A JOB
WITH HIS OUTFIT! MAYBE MY APPROACH...
PRETENDING TO BE A GUNNY... WASN'T
SO GOOD!

BUT
ROCKY'S
APPROACH
IS BETTER
THAN HE
THOUGHT. FOR
LATE THAT
EVENING, AT
JUD WALLACE'S
FARM, OUTSIDE
OF TOWN,
THERE IS A
MEETING OF
ED HILLIARD,
PROSPECTOR,
JIM HAWKINS,
FARMER WALLACE
AND BUD,
COLEY AND
HURD, THE
HIREDO
HANDS...



WHAT'S THE
MEETING
ABOUT,
HILLIARD?
GOT ANOTHER
JOB LINED
UP?

YES, BUT NOT OUR USUAL KIND,
WALLACE: A MAVERICK DRIFTED
INTO MY STORE TODAY,
AND I SUSPECT HE'S A
LAWDOG HERE TO SNOOP
AROUND!



I MAY BE WRONG, BUT I
DON'T AIN'T TO TAKE ANY
CHANCES! HE SAID HE'S
STOPPING IN THE ROOM
ABOVE THE GAMBLING
HALL!

I GET YEH, HILLIARD! YEH
WANT US TO RUG 'EM
OUT, EH?



RIGHT, YEH AND BUD TAKE CARE
OF 'IM! BUT MAKE SURE HE DON'T
DRAW HIS SIX-GUN... HE CAN DO
TRICKS WITH THAT SHOOTING IRON!
THAT'S WHY I THINK HE'S THAT
SECRET MARSHAL, ROCKY LANE!

WE'LL
CHECK ON
THAT... GO
THROUGH
HIS
POCKETS!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

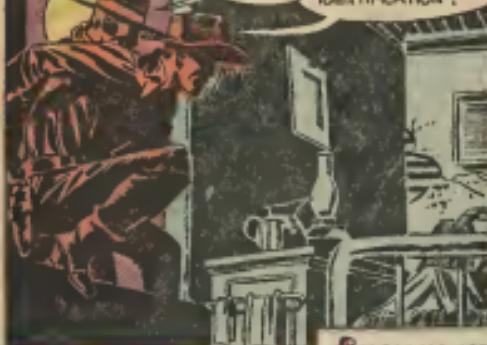
BUTTER THAT NIGHT...

THAR HE IS,
BUD! FAST
ASLEEP!

SSSH! DON'T
WAKE 'IM, WHILE
I LOOK THROUGH
HIS DUDS FOR
IDENTIFICATION!

HILLIARD WAS RIGHT...
THIS HOMBRE IS ROCKY
LANE! I'VE HEARD ABOUT
HIM...HE'S A BEARCAT!

YOU WATCH THE WINDOW
TO MAKE SURE NO
ONE'S AROUND, WHILE
I STRANGLE 'IM WITH
MY BARE HANDS!



BUT AS WALLACE'S POWERFUL FINGERS TIGHTEN AROUND HIS NECK, ROCKY AWAKENS ...

OOOOOH! W-WHAT THE...
(GASP)...G-GOT TO BREAK HIS
GRIP... (GASP)...OR I'M A
SONER!



BUT ROCKY'S GREAT STRENGTH PAYS OFF...



I-I SEE I'LL HAVE TO
USE MY SMOKEPOLE
AFTER ALL!



W-WATCH
OUT, WAL...
AIEEEEE!!!

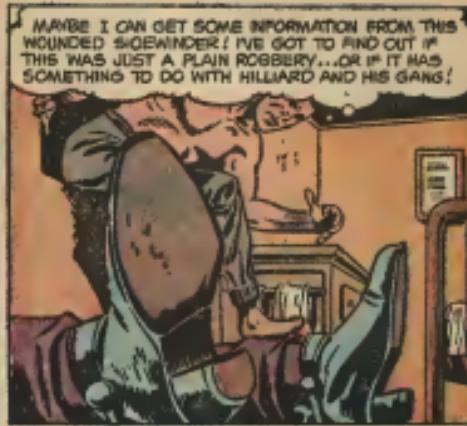
BANG!

OOOH!

HE'S STILL ALIVE AND...THE
OTHER MAVERICK'S RUNNING
FOR IT! I CAN'T LET HIM
GET AWAY!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



WALLACE SPEEDS BACK TO HILLIARD'S PLACE...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

I'M GONNA KILL YUH BEFORE LANE GETS HERE! YOU WON'T HAVE THE CHANCE TO GIVE THE REST OF US AWAY!

Y'ARE NOT WORRIED ABOUT ME BLAB-BANG, WALLACE!!! YOU'RE GONNA PLUS ME SO YOU CAN BE LEADER OF THE GANG!

THAT'S THE TRUTH, HILLARD! NOW WE GOT ONE LESS GUY TO CUT IN ON THE SWAGS!

H-HO... ARGH!!

THAT'S THE END OF HIM! GOOD THING LANE DIDN'T GET A LOOK AT MY FACE TONIGHT... NOW I CAN ROUND UP THE REST OF THE GANG AND BRING 'EM UP TO DATE!



Shortly after, Rocky arrives at Hillard's place...



WHAT THE...HE'S DEAD! WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO MURDER THE HEAD OF THE GANG...UNLESS IT WAS THAT OTHER VARMINT WHO TRIED TO KILL ME? HE MUST'VE HEARD HIS SIDEKICK TALKING BEFORE HE DIED... AND FINISHED HILLARD BEFORE I COULD GET HIM TO NAME NAMES!

WHOEVER DID THIS SURE MESSED THINGS UP FOR ME! OUTSIDE OF HILLARD I DON'T HAVE THE SLIGHTEST IDEA OF WHO ELSE IS IN THE GANG! I'M BACK WHERE I STARTED... WAIT! THERE'S ONE POSSIBLE LEAD...AND I AIM TO FOLLOW IT RIGHT NOW!



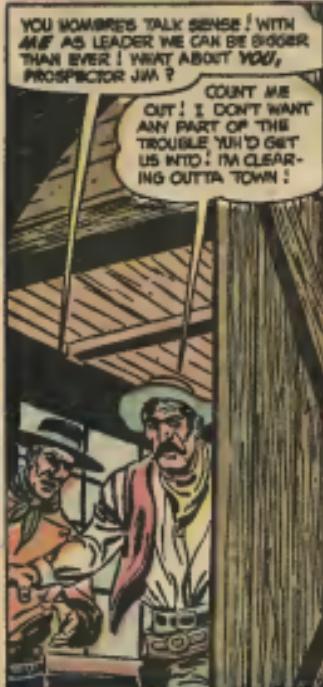
Meanwhile, at Wallace's farm...

YUH HAD NO CALL TO KILL HILLARD! MEBBE HE WOULDN'T HAVE SQUEELED!

I DIDN'T AIM TO TAKE THAT CHANCE! I PROTECTED YOU GUYS, TOO...ANYWAY, IT'S DONE! FROM NOW ON YUH TAKE ORDERS FROM ME! I'M THE NEW HEAD OF THIS OUTFIT!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

MEANWHILE, IN THE BANK IN TOWN...

SORRY TO GET YOU DOWN
TO THE BANK IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT,
MR. PAYNE, BUT THIS IS
IMPORTANT!



GLAD TO DO
ANYTHING TO
HELP ROUND UP
THE REST OF THAT
GANG, ROCKY! I'LL LOOK
UP HILLIARD'S ACCOUNT
LIKE YOU ASKED!

IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT IN
SMALL TOWNS WHERE
THERE'S NO LAWYER, MEN
SOMETIMES LEAVE THEIR
WILLS WITH THE BANK!

THAT'S RIGHT, ROCKY, I
DON'T RECALL IF
HILLIARD EVER MADE
ANY PROMISES LIKE
THAT...I'LL SOON SEE!



SURE ENOUGH...ME
DAD! IN CASE OF
DEATH ALL OF
HILLIARD'S MONEY
GOES TO JUD
WALLACE!



WALLACE, EH? IS HE A
RELATIVE...A PARTICULARLY
CLOSE FRIEND...OR NEXT IN
CHARGE OF THE GANG? I'VE
SEEN A NUN! HE'S ONE OF
THE BAND OF OUTLAWS!

I CAN'T JUST
BARGE IN AND
QUESTION HIM.
HE CERTAINLY
WOULDN'T GIVE
HIMSELF AWAY!
DO YOU KNOW
ANY OF
WALLACE'S
ASSOCIATES?

HE'S BEEN
SEEN WITH
PROSPECTOR
JIM AND SOME
Hired HANDS
WORKING ON
RANCHES IN THE
TERRITORY!



THEY COULD BE
THE REST OF THE
GANG! I THINK I'LL
START WITH THIS
PROSPECTOR...SEE
IF I CAN GET ANY
INFORMATION FROM
HIM! YOU KNOW
WHERE HE LIVES?



SURE DO,
ROCKY! HE
HAS A
CASIN JUST
PAST THE
FORMED
ROAD IN
THE HILLS!

AS ROCKY SETS OUT FOR THE
CASIN, PROSPECTOR JIM, BEGINS
A QUEST OF HIS OWN...

I'LL RIDE TO WALLACE'S FARM...
AND FORCE 'IM TO COUGH UP
MY SHARE OF THE LOOT! THEM
I'LL HOT-FOOT IT OUTTA TOWN!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

WHILE PROSPECTOR JIM IS RACING TOWARD WALLACE'S FARM...

RECKON IT'S TIME TO SHOVE OFF PER PROSPECTOR JIM'S SHACK!

RIGHT WITH YEH! WALLACE IS RIGHT...WE GOTTA KILL 'EM! PRONTO!



LATER, AS ROCKY REACHES THE PROSPECTOR'S CABIN...

NOBODY HERE! HE AND THE REST OF THE GANG MAY BE OUT ON A JOB! IF HE COMES BACK WITH LOOT I'LL HAVE HIM DEAD TO RIGHTS! THEN IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO ROUND UP THE OTHERS! I'LL JUST WAIT HERE!



SHORTLY AFTER...

THAT HE IS... SITTING NEAR THE WINDOW! HE MUST'VE FALLEN ASLEEP IN THAT CHAIR!

HE WOULDN'T WAKE UP NO MORE! THE PROSPECTOR MAKES A DANDY TARGET JUST SITTING LIKE THAT!



W-WHAT THE...? I'M BEING SHOT AT!

BAM! BAM!



HE SURE LOOKS DEAD ALL RIGHT!

W-WAIT! THAT AIN'T PROSPECTOR JIM...WE KILLED THE WRONG HOMBRE!



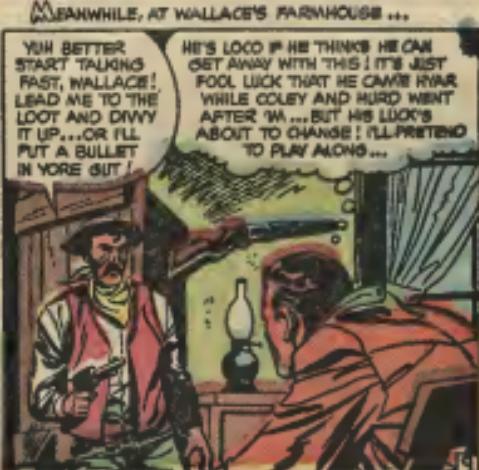
W-WHAT TH.... OOOOPH!!

CRACKK!

YOU DIDN'T KILL ANYONE! I PLAYED POSSUM TO MAKE YOU VARMINTS THINK I WAS DEAD! I JUST WANTED TO GET A CRACK AT YOU!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

IT'S HERE IN THE OLD WELL, STASHED AWAY IN THE BUCKET! I'LL HAUL IT UP AND...HYAH, IT COMES!

KEEP PULLIN', LESS'N YUH WANNA DIE RIGHT NOW I GOT HALF-A-MIND TO TAKE ALL THE LOOT FOR MYSELF!

THAT BUCKET...IT LOOKS EMPTY! IF THIS IS A TRAP...UGHHHH!

I HAD A FEELIN' YUH'D FALL FOR MY LITTLE DECEPTION, PROSPECTOR JIM!

YUH REALLY EXPECT ME TO HAND OVER ALL THE SPOILS, YUH POOL? OVER YUH GO...ONLY THING AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS WELL IS GONNA BE YORE BODY! WHAR NO ONE'LL EVER FIND IT!



SHORTLY AFTER...



SOMEONE'S RIDIN'... MUST BE COLEY AND HURD! WAIT TILL I TELL 'EM I ALREADY KILLED PROSPECTOR JIM! THEY'LL LAUGH THEIR...HEY! I-IT'S THAT LAWDOG! HE...HE MUSTA RECOGNIZED ME WHEN BUD AND I TRIED TO KILL 'IM... HE'S TRAILED ME HYAH!



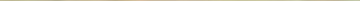
TOO BAD PER YUH, LANE! THIS TIME I'M READY!

AS ROCKY WALKS IN...

UGHH!

I'LL DUMP 'IM INTO THE WELL...WHERE HE'LL ROT ALONG-SIDE PROSPECTOR JIM'S CORPSE!

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YOU CERTAINLY DID A BANG-UP JOB ON THEM, ROCKY! NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT! THANKS FROM THE BOTTOM OF OUR HEARTS!



THAT'S A GREAT IDEA, ROCKY! POULS AROUND HYAR WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER WHAT YOU DID FOR US! ADDOS!

Time End

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MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

ROCKY LANE

WHILE ROCKY LANE AND THE SHERIFF
GABBED, A JAIL BREAK WAS BEING
CARRIED OUT! ALL THAT STOOD BE-
TWEEN THE LAW AND THE HUMILIATION
OF HAVING A PRISONER BREAK-OUT
FROM UNDER THE SHERIFF'S NOSE
WAS...

HORSE SENSE!

WE GOT TO TALK TO SHERIFF CROW ABOUT THIS JAIL OR HIS
PLACE LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PRAIRIE WIND WOULD KNOCK IT
DOWN! I GET RAMBLING, BLACK JACK...WE'VE GOT
SERIOUS BUSINESS HERE!

DRUMMONDVILLE
JAIL

CROW'S THE KIND OF LOBO WHO JUST LAUGHS WHEN YOU
TELL HIM HIS JAIL IS ASKING TO BE BROKEN OUT OF!
HOPE I CAN GET HIM TO PATCH IT UP BEFORE
SOMEONE ESCAPES...

HI THERE, MARSHAL! YOU
JUST PASSING BY...AND
THOUGHT YOU'D DROP IN AND
REST YOUR SPINE FOR
A SPELL?

NOT EXACTLY,
SHERIFF! THE CHIEF
SENT ME OVER TO
HAVE A POWWOW
WITH YOU.

YOU'VE GOT A
DANGEROUS KILLER
JAILED HERE WAITING
TRAIL. IF HE SHOULD
ESCAPE BEFORE THE
JUDGE ARRIVES...

NOT A CHANCE IN THE WORLD,
MARSHAL! CMON INSIDE AND
CHEW THE FAT FOR A WHILE...
AIN'T A CHANCE IN THE WORLD
OF FOXY GARRET BUSTIN'
OUT!

THE FATHEADED IDIOT! JUST CAUSE HE'S LOOKED
THE DOOR HE THINKS I'M TRAPPED! FOXY
GARRET'S BUSTED
OUTTA TIGHTER
CLINKS THAN THIS'N...

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

I BETTER WORK FAST, BEFORE THAT DANG MARSHAL FELLER CONVINCES CROW THAT THIS HOOSEROW AINT EXACTLY AIRTIGHT! THIS HERE WALL SHOULDVE BEEN FIXED A YEAR AGO...IT CRUMBLIES LIKE DRY SAND! NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING... OF COURSE...



IF I WAS AS CARELESS IN MY LINE OF WORK AS THE SHERIFF IS IN HIS, I'DA BEEN HANGED A LONG TIME AGO! ONE MORE SHOVE AND...PH! THESE BARS'RE LOOSENING UP LIKE OLD TEETH!



NICE OF THE MARSHAL TO LEAVE HIS HORSE SO CONVENIENT! TIME FOR ME TO SAY ADIOS TO DRUMMONDVILLE, I RECKON!



NICE PONY THE FELLER LEFT! JUST RELAX, AND BE FRIENDY, PAL... I'VE FORKED TOUGHER BRONCS THAN YOU! C'MON, LET'S START MOVIN'!



DON'T GIVE ME NO TROUBLE, ANIMAL...I AIM TO PUT DISTANCE BETWEEN ME AND THIS CRUMBY TOWN, UNDERSTAND? IF YOU WANNA ACT SASPY, YOU CAN TASTE MY SPURS!



...AND LIKE I SAID, MARSHAL...YOU FELLERS GET ALL ROLLED UP OVER NOTHING! I GIVE YOU MY SOLEMN WORD, ROCKY, THAT THIS JAIL OF MINE IS TIGHT AS A DRUM! AINT **NOBODY** CAN...



W-WELL...I'LL BE BOILED IN OIL! THAT'S FORTY, ALL RIGH'T...RUNNING FOR IT! AND ON YOUR HORSE, ROCKY!



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ONLY ONE WAY TO KEEP THAT CRAZY KILLER FROM GETTING AWAY...AND TERRORIZING THE WHOLE DANG VALLEY AGAIN! SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR NAG, ROCKY...

PUT YOUR GUN UP, SHERIFF! THERE'S ANOTHER WAY!



ROCKY LANE'S SHRIEK SIGNAL REACHES BLACK JACK, WHO BEGINS TO THRASH LIKE FORKED LIGHTNING...

H-HEY...CUT IT OUT! WHAT'S G-GOT INTO....
ULPPPP!!



ANOTHER WHISTLE PIERCES THE AIR AND, BEFORE THE DESPERATE CRIMINAL CAN REGAIN HIS BALANCE...



ATTA BOY, BLACK JACK! I BRING HIM BACK HERE, WHERE HE BELONGS!

W-WELL...I'LL BE FRIED IN GREASE-FAT! THAT THERE CAUSE OF YOURS SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND BETTER'N HUMANS DO!



YOU'LL BE WORSE THAN BOILED IN OIL AND FRIED IN GREASE-FAT, SHERIFF, IF YOU DON'T GET THAT JAIL OF YOURS FIXED UP RIGHT AWAY! THE TOWN COUNCIL WILL BE TALKING OF A TAR AND FEATHER PARTY...

I...GULP...SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, ROCKY! I'LL START WORK PRONTO! LUCKY FOR ME THAT HORSE OF YOURS WASN'T A PRISONER. HERE...I'D NEVER HAVE KEPT A SMART COTTIER LIKE HIM LOCKED UP!



END

MYSTERY TRAIL

The little group of ranchers sitting on the porch of the Whitman Hotel in the Western town of Dryrock were in excited conversation. It was only two days before the Dryrock Jubilee, celebrating the high, adventurous past of the old ranching town. But nobody was talking about the Jubilee. Bill Tuffin, last of the regulars (who habitually took the sun out on the hotel veranda) to arrive, made an exclamation.

"You mean the Sheriff's out after a real outlaw?"

Ted Werndt nodded.

"Real bad man, too, I heard. First we've had in twenty years." He slapped his knee. "I told you the Old West wasn't dead yet!"

Jim Ridgely smiled at Bob Kenner, the last of the group.

"Well, I don't know how much deader it could get," he commented amiably and stopped. Everyone, following Bill Tuffin's animated gaze was staring down the street. On his big bay horse, Sheriff Mark Hawley came riding slowly toward them. In front of him, on another horse, was a dejected-looking man with his hands tied behind him. The Sheriff swept past, nodded to the group briefly and continued on to the jail. He returned minutes later, his long face looking sadder than usual.

"Who was it, Sheriff?" Bill Tuffin asked. "Some real bad guy?"

"Bad guy!" snorted Hawley dejectedly. "Why, he didn't do nothin' worse than skip out of the Plaza Saloon without payin' for his drinks. Bartender asked me to ride out after him, and I did. He'll pay his bill and get a week in jail in the bargain." Hawley paused, glancing 'round the streets at the brightly-colored decorations hung from the light poles. His face grew longer, and he sighed. "The West ain't what it used to be, gentlemen. Today, a Western lawman gets about as much excitement as an agency for finding lost fountain pens!" He glanced 'round the group. "Thought that varmint was a real lobo, hey?" Then he grinned. "Well, that's what rumor does. I reckon the whole town's hopin' for some kind of excitement 'round the Jubilee. It'll do business good—the town needs money!"

"Sheriff, the Old West ain't dead yet, like I was sayin'!" Ted Werndt broke in, hopefully.

"Ted, you take my word for it—she's dead alright," Mark Hawley sighed. "These ain't the days of Bill Breckinridge, Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp or lawmen like those. And particularly they're not the days of Black Bart, Hoyt Brenner, Jesse James or road-agents like them."

"Somethin' might liven up things," Bill Tuffin put in.

"Well, I'd give anything to get a chance to do some real, old-time lawman work," Hawley sighed. Then he grinned. "Of course, gentlemen, I'm only funnin'!" He reached into his pocket, took out a bright golden badge, removed his, old tin-star and hooked it on his shirt. "Had it made special for the Jubilee. I reckon you gents will be dressin' up pretty—chaps, rowels, guns, all that kind of fancy dress." And when the ranchers had all nodded, he continued. "Might as well have a well-dressed time at this Jubilee. Reckon any kind of masquerade to bring back the spirit of old times is in order!" He rose. "Well, I gotta high-tail it in an hour over to Frank Stone's spread."

"Something up?" Bill Tuffin asked eagerly.

"No," Sheriff Hawley said with almost a wry smile. "Some kids from town busted a couple of windows in Frank's faddar barn, and he wants me to find out the ones who did it. Adios, gentlemen."

Hawley went back to his office, cleaned up some paper work, then mounted his horse and rode out of town toward Frank Stone's.

The sun was dropping behind the Western hills when he reached the half-way mark to the spread. When it was gone, he struck spurs and rounded the bend in the road. Instantly, with an oath, he drew rein.

"What the!" he began.

In front of him the road had been blocked with a crude barricade constructed of tumbleweed and sage brush. As he paused, got off his horse to remove it, he heard the beat of hoofs approaching. Nearer and nearer they came. Sheriff Hawley looked about him. The plain was strewn with immense boulders, but he couldn't see hide nor hair of any horse in the dim twilight.

He was bending over the barricade, preparatory to removing it when a chilling chuckle broke from behind him.

"Reach, Sheriff!" he said. "And doo't turn

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

your head. You might lose it!"

Howley froze instantly, as he felt the cold muzzle of a gun sticking into his spine. A hand came from behind him, crept over his shoulder and swiftly removed the new, golden tin-star.

"Nice little trinket—specially when it's melted down for money!" the ghostly voice said. "Keep your head turned, Sheriff. And remember—The Avenger!"

Howley, prudently keeping still, heard footsteps retreat back of him, then the sound of hoofbeats. Instantly he whirled—to find nothing!

The Avenger, he thought, musing. Puzzlement showed on his face as he saw the empty, boulder-strewn desert before him. But avenging what? And where had the Avenger gone?

He got on his horse, peered around for a few moments fruitlessly. He knew the footsteps had retreated back of him, back toward Dryrock as had the hoofbeats. He rode back a few miles, but saw nothing. Then he resumed his way toward Frank Stone's ranch.

When he got there, he found Stone in a robe.

Somebody, it seemed, had crept up on Stone in the dark out in the ranchyard and stolen his gold watch.

"And when I looked 'round—he wasn't there at all!" Stone said. "Feller called himself....."

"The Avenger?" Howley asked glumly. "Yeah, I know."

After telling his story, over a good supper, he promised rancher Stone to adjust the matter of the fodder barn's broken windows and then returned to town. In front of his office, he found a hopping-mod Walt Gummidge. Walt was Dryrock station-master. He had a familiar story to tell. The Avenger had stolen a ring.

By the next afternoon the rumors of The Avenger had spread to neighboring towns. By the time the Jubilee opened, thousands, attracted by the excitement, were pouring into the Dryrock fair grounds. Howley glanced at the crowds pouring past his office and grunted. Human nature, he concluded, was bearable, but odd. The very kind of badman the ancestors of the local folk had abominated was now an object of curiosity because of his rarity. The Sheriff had spent all that afternoon scouring the neighboring spreads and desert, but found nothing. Just before sundown he arrived back in town to attend the opening Jubilee dance at the town hall.

He found himself tying up his horse alongside Frank Stone and Walt Gummidge, both

commiserating with each other on their losses. All three men hung their coats in the cloak room because of the warmth and went into the hall with their families.

"Any line on The Avenger?" Stone asked anxiously.

Howley shook his head; the others walked away angrily. A few minutes later, as the music began, the Sheriff met both men again in front of the punch bowl. Suddenly, all three froze. They heard the sound of familiar hoofbeats.

Stone and Gummidge looked out the windows.

"Not out the windows! Inside the hall!" Hawley shouted, "and I'm makin' on arrest!" He dashed through the dancers toward a door at the end of the hall where a man was dancing a solo called the Mule Jig. In time to the music, Hawley drew his gun.

Instantly the music stopped; people stared in astonishment.

"Soon as I heard those hoofbeats on-stage and remembered what you'd said a couple days ago, I figured it could only be you, Ted!" The Sheriff said grimly. "I'm lockin' you up as of now! I suppose you hid your horse each time you made a robbery, then danced those hoofbeats up to me, Frank and Walt, snatched the valuables, danced away until it was safe to come out of hiding and rode away!"

"That's right, Sheriff!" Rancher Ted Werndt admitted. "I figured playin' The Avenger would help bring back old times party—and drum up business and excitement. And it did! Besides, you yourself said that any kind of masquerade to bring back the old spirit was okay. And part of that spirit was excitement!"

"But you're guilty of keepin' stolen goods!" Howley burst out.

"But I ain't!" Ted Werndt said, and the whole hall gasped. "Bill!" He called to Bill Tiffin. "Go in the cloakroom and bring back what you find in Mark's, Frank's and Walt's coat pockets!"

Bill came back, goggle-eyed, with the Sheriff's gold tin-star, Stone's watch and Gummidge's diamond ring. Again the hall gasped.

"I put 'em back just a few minutes ago!" Werndt grinned, handing them over. "Then I danced the Mule Jig as a give-away signal. I figured you'd catch on, Sheriff. You proved when you did, that the spirit of the Old West isn't dead, like I said it wasn't. After all, the West is more than badmen. It's also the smart lawmen who got rid of 'em for good—and just have to worry now about busted windows!"

THE END

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

ROPPIN' N RIDING

ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE
AND BLACK JACK

HOWDY PARTNERS:

IT'S MIGHTY FINE TO BE RIDEIN' YOUR WAY AGAIN THIS MONTH, RECKON THERE'S NOTHIN' A FELLA SETS TO LIKE BETTER THAN MAKIN' PALAWERN WITH GOOD FRIENDS.

YOU KNOW, PARD'S, WHEN I THINK OF PALAWERN WITH ALL THE GANG SOMETHIN' THAT HAPPENED THE OTHER DAY COMES TO MY MIND.

I WAS AMBLIN' DOWN THE TRAIL JUST THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FECOS JUNCTION. WHEN I OPENED IT MIGHT BE A GOOD THING TO HOLE UP AT THE T-BAR-T RANCH FOR SOME GRUB, AND AT THE SAME TIME SEE MY OLD PARD'S AT THE PLACE.

WELL, SIR, NO SOONER HAD I REINED UP NEAR THE CORRAL OF THE T-BAR-T THAN MY OLD BUDDIES JOSH WESTON AND SHORTY CAME A-RUNNIN' OUT TO MEET ME. SEEKS JOSH AND SHORTY HAD BEEN SWEEPIN' ALL DAY TRYIN' TO BUST A NEW BUNCH OF BRONCS. THE BOYS SURE WERE PLUMB TIRED, SO THEY WAS ANXIOUS TO STOP FOR A BIT AND GET IN A GOOD JAW-CHOPPIN' SESSION WITH ME. PARD'S, BEFORE YOU COULD ROLL OFF A LOG, THEM TWO BOYS WERE IN ONE TERRIFIC BACAS ABOUT WHICH FELLA HAD BUSTED THE MOST BRONCS IN HIS LIFE. SHORTY SAID THAT THERE WASN'T ANOTHER COMPOKE IN THOSE PARTS THAT COULD RIDE A BRONC LIKE HE DID. YOU KNOW, PARTNERS, I FELT MIGHTY BAD TO SEE THESE BOYS YELLIN' AND CALLIN' EACH OTHER LOCO CRITTERS.

BELIEVE ME, PARD'S, FRIENDS ARE THE MOST PRECIOUS THING A FELLA CAN HAVE, BUT I'LL LET YOU IN ON SOMETHIN'. ONE SURE WAY TO LOSE A GOOD PAL IS TO BRAG THAT YOU CAN DO SOMETHIN' BETTER THAN HIM IN FRONT OF A THIRD PERSON.

NOW LIKE I SAID, PALAWERN AMONG FRIENDS IS RIGHT FINE, BUT NOBODY LIKES AN HOMBRE FOR A FRIEND WHO IS ALWAYS BOASTING INSTEAD OF JUST TALKIN' FRIENDLY AND QUIET LIKE.

SO UNTIL NEXT TIME, FOLKS, TALK SOFTLY AND CARRY A BIG AMOUNT OF MODESTY IN YOUR PALAWERN.

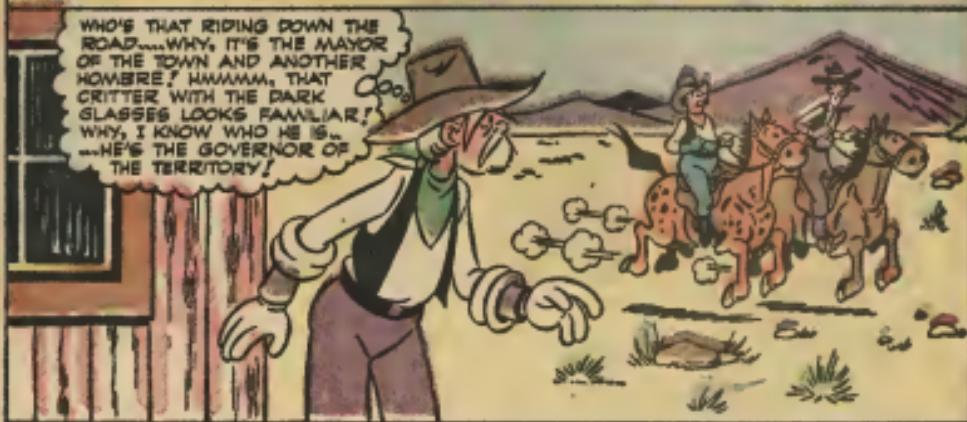
YOUR PALS,

Allan "Rocky" Lane
AND BLACK JACK U



COLONEL CORN AND JAWBONES JEFFERS

IN **HERO'S REWARD!**



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



I'LL C.C. CRAWL TOWARDS HIM SO HE WON'T SEE ME! W.W. WHEN I GET A LITTLE C.C. CLOSER I'LL TACKLE HIM AND KNOCK HIM DOWN!



AS COLONEL CORN TACKLES THE GOVERNOR, A BULLET IS FIRED FROM THE OTHER WINDOW IN THE ROOM...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

DANGELAST IT! SOMEONE KNOCKED THE GOVERNOR LOW AND MY BULLET WENT RIGHT OVER HIS HEAD! I BETTER GET OUT OF HYAR FRONTO!



BUT AS THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN RUNS, HIS BULLET CAROMS BACK AFTER HITTING THE REAR WALL AND...

AIEEEEE! I'VE BEEN SHOT! UGH!



IT'S BAD JOHN JOHNSON, JUST AS I FIGURED!

???



EVER SINCE I DEFEATED HIM FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP, HE'S BEEN TRYING TO ASSASSINATE ME! I CAME DOWN HYAR TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM HIM, BUT HE FOLLOWED ME!



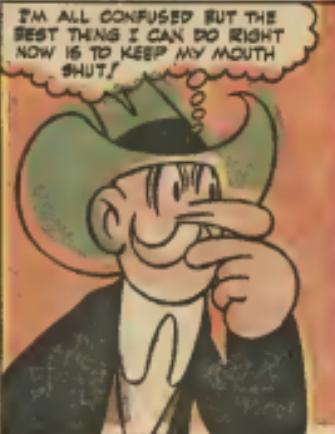
HUH? THIS MAN IS THE GOVERNOR, NOT A SPY!

I DON'T KNOW HOW YEH FOUND OUT ABOUT HIM, BUT YEH SAVED MY LIFE BY KNOCKING ME DOWN AND GETTING ME OUT OF THE PATH OF HIS BULLET. I'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL TO YEH!

I DON'T KNOW MYSELF!



I'M ALL CONFUSED BUT THE BEST THING I CAN DO RIGHT NOW IS TO KEEP MY MOUTH SHUTS!



LATER, IN TOWN.....

I HERBISY PRESENT YEH WITH THIS CHECK FOR \$500 FOR SAVING MY LIFE AND HELPING CAPTURE BAD JOHN JOHNSON!

TO MY DYING DAY, I'LL NEVER KNOW HOW THE COLONEL DID IT! WHAT I DO KNOW IS THAT MY PRACTICAL JOKE BACKFIRED AND THAT THE COLONEL DID BECOME A HERO AND GOT THE 500 IRON MEN TO BOOT!



Rocky Lane

'STORM WARNING'



WEATHER-EYE IKE RECKONS ON JOINING UP WITH THE ELEMENTS AGAINST THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER—AND DOES. BUT HE FAILS TO RECKON WITH THE BILL-DOG TENACITY AND BRAVE COURAGE OF ROCKY LANE, WHO MEETS THE DREAD CHALLENGE WITH A BIT OF "SAVVY" OF HIS OWN TO BRING A SIX-SUN SHOWDOWN TO A BLAZING FINISH IN THE SMASHING DRAMA OF **STORM WARNING**!

ROCKY LANE, TWO-FISTED, FIGHTING, YOUNG UNDER-COVER MARSHAL SCOUTS THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY LATE ONE FALL....

EASY, BLACK JACK, OLD PARD! LOOK AT THOSE SALMON HEADING DOWN-STREAM! THAT MEANS THE SALMON FISHING SEASON IS ON!



LET'S GO, BLACK JACK! THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF MONEY AMONG THE FISHERMEN NOW AND MONEY HAS A WAY OF ATTRACTING TROUBLE LIKE HONEY PRAWN FLIES!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THERE ARE SOME OF
THE FISHING CREWS
AT WORK! RECKON
I'D BETTER STAY
AROUND JUST IN
CASE!

WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE OPPOSITE
SIDE OF THE RIVER ...

WHAT YOU GOT YORE
WEATHER EYE COCKED
ON THEM STORM
CLOUDS FER, WEATHER-
EYE IKE?

BECAUSE I KIN
TELL THERE'S A BLIZZARD
HEADING THIS WAY, READY
TO BUST OUT ANY MINUTE.
NOW--WHICH FITS IN WITH
MY PLANS PERFECT! NOTHING
LIKE A BLIZZARD TO
COVER A GETAWAY!

WHAT YOU MEAN?
JUST LIKE THIS!
A TRAILER IS ON
ITS WAY UP THE
RIVER NOW TO BRING
BACK THE SALMON
CATCH AND IT'S
ALSO BRINGING THE
PAYROLL TO PAY
OFF THE FISHING
CREWS! GET IT?

RIGHT! THE
FISHERMEN
WERE STEALING
THE PAYROLL?

AS FISHING HANDS
ARE SHORT-HANDED, WE'LL
GET TAKEN ON
AND BE OUT IN THE
RIVER IN A SMALL
BOAT! WHEN THAT
PAYROLL BOAT COMES
ALONG, WE'LL BOARD
HER AND GRAB
THE MONEY!

BUT HOWIRS
WE SONNA
GIT AWAY WITH
A BLIZZARD
FIXING TO
BUST LOOSE
ANY MINUTE?

THAT BLIZZARD IS
SONNA BE OUR ADE-
IN-THE-HOLE! I'VE
FIGURED A WAY
IT'LL HELP US
ESCAPE AND KEEP
OTHERS FROM
PURSUING US!
THERE'S THE FORE-
MAN! LET'S GIT
GOING!



AN HOUR LATER ...

HERE COMES THE
PAYROLL BOAT NOW!
CAST THE NET OFF
AND MAKE FER
IT!

RIGHT,
BOSS!

LOOK! SOMETHING'S
WRONG! THOSE JASPER'S
ARE THROWING THEIR
NET INTO THE RIVER!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THEY'RE
BOARDING
THAT TRAWLER.
GUNS IN HAND!
LET'S GO,
BLACK JACK!
THIS CALLS
FOR ACTION!

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO
SWIM OUT TO THAT BOAT!

LOOK!
THAT JASPER IS
COMING AFTER US!
SHOOT TO KILL!

THEY'VE SPOTTED
ME! MY BEST
BET IS HITTING
THE WATER!

WE GOT THE
VALUANT! GRAB
THE MONEY AND RAM
THE BOAT ASHORE!

SPLASH

SHOTS! HEAD OUT
INTO THE CURRENT
BLACK JACK! IT'LL CARRY
US CLOSE TO THE BOAT
FASTER OL' PARD!
WE HAVEN'T A -
MOMENT
TO LOSE!

FASTER! BLACK JACK! THEY'RE
RAMMING THE BOAT
AGAINST THE SHORE!

HEAD FOR SHORE, BLACK JACK!
MAYBE I CAN REACH THE
BOAT BEFORE THEY CAN
MAKE THEIR GETAWAY!

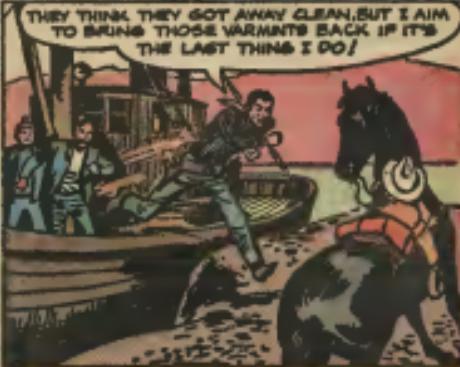
'C'MON BOYS! WE GOT
WHAT WE CAME FOR!
HOW TO FIND OUT
WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THEY HIT ME OVER THE HEAD AND STOLE THE PAYROLL! RAMMED THE BOAT ABOARD AND GOT CLEAN AWAY!

THE PAYROLL, EDU SO THAT'S WHAT THOSE MAVERICKS WERE AFTER!

THEY THINK THEY GOT AWAY CLEAN, BUT I AIM TO BRING THOSE VARMINTS BACK. IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



AWAY, BLACK JACK! WE'RE HITTING THE TRAIL AFTER THOSE SADDLE PIRATES! WHEN WHAT A STORM IS BLOWING UP!



SOON—

THIS IS GETTING TO BE A FULL-FLPED BLIZZARD. I HOPE IT DOESN'T BLOW OUT THEIR TRACKS AUTOMATICALLY.



WE'VE BEEN GOING AWHILE, BLACK JACK! BUT IF THOSE RANNIES CAN BUCK THIS BLIZZARD SO CAN WE! WE'VE LOST THEIR TRAIL, BUT WE MAY OVERTAKE THEM IF THE BLIZZARD DRIVES THEM TO COVER.



SUDDENLY...

A SHOT!



COME ON, BLACK JACK! THAT SHOT SOUNDED AS IF IT CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION! WE'RE BACK ON THE TRAIL!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



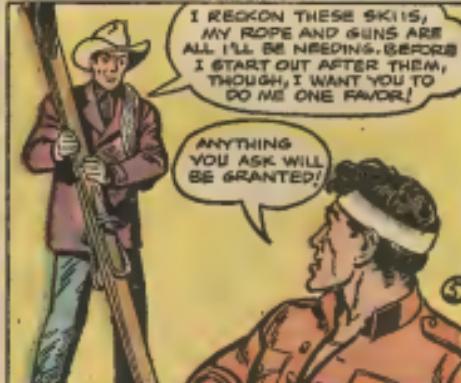
A BAND OF RENEGADES JUMPED ME AND HIT ME OVER THE HEAD BEFORE I COULD GET MY GUN OUT! THEY STOLE MY DOG-SLEASH AND DOG AND MADE OFF INTO THE STORM!



YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THEM IN THIS BLIZZARD ON HORSEBACK



YOU CERTAINLY HAVE PLENTY OF COURAGE TO TRACK THEM SINGLE-HANDED!



ANYTHING YOU ASK WILL BE GRANTED!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

JUST TO MAKE MY CAPTURE
OF THESE JASPER'S LEGAL AND
PLUMB ACCORDING TO LAW AND
ORDER OUTSIDE OF MY OWN TERRITORY
I WANT YOU TO SWEAR ME
IN AS YOUR SPECIAL DEPUTY!
I'M ROCKY LANE.

A SPLENDID
IDEA! RAISE
YOUR RIGHT
HAND AND
TAKE THE
OATH OF THE
ROYAL CANADIAN
MOUNTED POLICE!

THIS ROCKY LANE TEMPORARILY JOINING THE
FAMOUS MOUNTIES...

THAT'S THAT, ROCKY LANE!
WE'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU
AND IT'S AN HONOR TO
HAVE YOU JOIN US EVEN
(IF IT IS ONLY
TEMPORARILY.)

THANKS! I SURE AIM
TO UPHOLD YOUR
TRADITION...BY BRINGING
THESE JASPER'S BACK!
RECKON I'LL HIT THE
TRAIL NOW!

NOW TO MAKE UP FOR
LOST TIME! THESE SKIS
ARE GOING TO COME
IN MIGHTY
HANDY!

THERE THEY
GO--HEADING
DOWN THAT TRAIL
AROUND THE
NEXT MOUNTAIN!

WELL, THAT BAND
OF CARIBOU AND THAT
FROZEN STREAM THAT
RUNS AROUND THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE
MOUNTAIN GIVES
ME AN IDEA!

RECKON MY BEST BET
IS TO HEAD FOR THE TOP
OF THIS MOUNTAIN THAT
THEIR TRAIL LEADS AROUND.
HOPE I CAN SPOT
THEM FROM UP
HERE!

THEY CAN
TAKE THEIR
TRAIL---I'LL
TAKE
THIS ONE!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

JUST AS I RECKONED! THERE'S HEADING RIGHT FOR THAT FROZEN STREAM!



NOW TO ROPE ONE OF THESE CARIBOU CRITTERS--LIKE THIS!



WHENEVER CARIBOU ARE SPOOKED UP, THEY ALWAYS HEAD FOR A FROZEN STREAM, BECAUSE THEIR HOOFS ARE NATURAL "ICE SKATES", AND ON ICE THEY CAN REACH A SPEED THAT'LL OUTDISTANCE THE FLEETEST WOLF PACK!

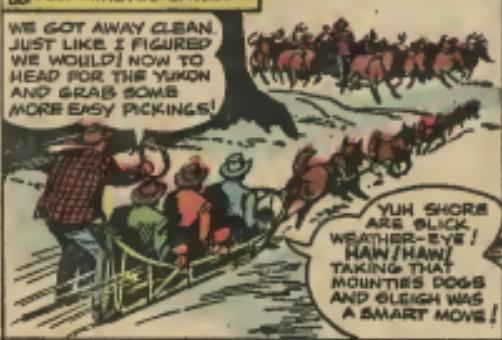


AND THAT BIT OF "SAVvy" IS GOING TO GET ME AROUND THIS MOUNTAIN IN A POWERFUL HURRY FOR A SHOWDOWN I'M PLUMB ITCHING TO CALL!



A FEW MINUTES LATER--

WE GOT AWAY CLEAN, JUST LIKE I FIGURED WE WOULD! NOW TO HEAD FOR THE YUKON AND GRAB SOME MORE EASY PICKINGS!



SUDDENLY--

WHERE DO YOU MAVERICKS THINK YOU'RE GOING?



T-THE LAW MAN
---OOF
GET HIM!

DROP THOSE GUNS!

M-MY GUN--
OUCH!

BANG
BANG
BANG



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



**ROCKY LANE'S
HORSE,
'BLACK JACK'
APPEARS IN HIS
OWN FULL LENGTH
STORY WITH
ROCKY LANE
IN
SIX-GUN HEROES**

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Man's Initial Ring



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Woman not good wearer! This splendid friendship ring. Same striking as diamond ring, set with 100% real diamonds. No. 320. Only 1.98.

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Eternal Love



Entwined Hearts



Twin Charmer



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your back, add inches to your chest,
give you a vine-like grip, make those
legs of yours powerful, shoot new
strength into your backbone, exercise
those inner organs, crum your
body full of vigor and red-blooded
vitality!

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BOYS, GIRLS, MEN, WOMEN!

The World Is On FIRE

Serve The LORD and You Can Have These

Prizes!

YOU CAN
MAKE MONEY
TOO!



BOY ROBOTS
FLASH CAMERA

VARIETY NET



ALSO UKELELE
WITH ANTHONY
GUITAR PLATES



GARRY NAYEN
FISHING KIT



HEAVY JR.
GUITAR



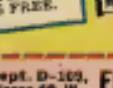
BOY ROBOTS
MUSICLAND



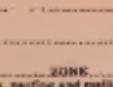
JOE HI MAMBO
BASEBALL SET



BOY ROBOTS
DOLLS



WHITE ZIPPER
BIBLE



TYPEWRITER

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NICKEL



BABY RECEIVING
NET FOR KNOTS



WALKING
DOLL



BOY ROBOTS
DOLLS



BOY ROBOTS
DOLLS



WHITE ZIPPER
BIBLE



BABY RING
POCKET
WATCH



ARCHERY SET



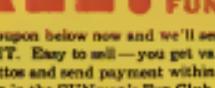
BOY ROBOTS
DOLLS



BOY ROBOTS
DOLLS

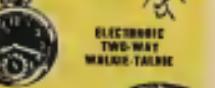


BOY ROBOTS
DOLLS



BOY ROBOTS
DOLLS

BOY ROBOTS
DOLLS



ELECTRONIC
TWO-WAY
WALKIE-TALKIE



FOOTBALL



BOY ROBOTS
DOLLS



BOY ROBOTS
DOLLS



BOY ROBOTS
DOLLS

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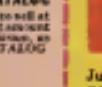


BOY ROBOTS
DOLLS

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